



PACK the little coats and gowns,
And make the house-place neat;
Put some cakes for traveling
Beneath the wicker seat;
Give an extra meal of oats
To good old Jim and Gray—
We're going home to father's house
For Thanksgiving day.

So oft we've lived the journey o'er
With the welcome at the end,
Sweet mother's kisses on our cheek,
And the hand-clasp of each friend;
And many a time the little ones
Have traveled in their play
"All the way to grandpa's house
For Thanksgiving day."

The dear home fields have yielded up
Their grasses and their grain;
The bins and barns are running o'er
From orchard and from plain;
And with the rich year's discipline,
Its hours of work and play,
Some fairer things are harvested
For Thanksgiving day.

Our arms, so full of blessedness
The years have helped us win,
Have opened wide enough to let
A little stranger in.
For the first time two little feet,
From angel-land astray,
Will toddle into grandpa's house
For Thanksgiving day.

We know the place is all astir
With plans of goodly fare,
And mother's look and mother's voice
Are present everywhere;
And to a neighbor dropping in
She pauses just to say:
"The children are all coming home
For Thanksgiving day."
—Mary E. Butts, in Harper's Weekly.

GIVE THANKS.

Thank God for the glorious gift of life,
And this beautiful world of ours,
With its shimmering seas, and waving
trees,
Its frost, and dew and flowers;
For radiant moons and tranquil Junes,
For sunshine and for rain;
For pearly dawns and crystal morns,
For mountain, mead and plain.

Thank God for treasures that He gives
From earth and tree and vine;
For golden yields from fertile fields,
For flax and wool and wine;
For healthful roots; for ruddy fruits;
For plenty's laden horn;
For flocks and herds, for bees and birds,
Give thanks this festive morn.

Give thanks for reunited bands,
For health and home and health;
For faith and love, so sure to prove
Sweeter than fame or wealth;
For hopes that bless, for life's career,
For counsel and for cheer,
Give thanks upon this morn that brings
The feast of all the year.
—Good Housekeeping.

THE OLD BLUE CHEST.



EE here, Mar-
tha!" said
Uncle Ben
Curtis, as he
shoved back from the breakfast table
on Thanksgiving morning and wiped
his mouth on the nearest piece of table-
cloth he could get hold of, "this is reg-
lar old-fashioned 'Thanksgivin' weather."

"Yes," replied Aunt Martha, as she
scrapped the butter off her plate back on
the butter dish.

"Six inches of snow and cold 'nuff to
freeze a dog."

"I hain't got much to do this mornin',
and I guess I'll run down to Widdler
Black's and see what I can do for 'em.
It's a tarnation shame, the luck that wom-
an has had."

"Some of us git along and some of us
don't," drawled Aunt Martha, as she
put the meat scraps on a plate for the
dog.

"Durned if we don't!"

"Benjamin, don't cuss. A cussin'
man'll never come to any good."

"Who's a cussin'?" I said it was a
tarnation shame, and so it is. Jim Black
was a-gittin' along as well as any of us
when that well-caved in on him and made
his wife a widder. It wasn't 'nuff that
she was hard-workin' an' economizin',
but she must go 'n' fall down and
break her leg, and her baby hain't
over a year old. Who's takin' keer of
her?"

"Hanner Bebee. I meant to hev gone
down yesterday, but them pigs' feet had
to be taken keer of. I guess I'll make
up a basket of stuff to send along. Han-
ner Bebee is a purty good gal on pork
and beans and sich, but she ain't no
hand to git up dainties. You give her
ray luv and tell her she's got to be right
up and down with Hanner to git a full
day's work out of 'er."

When Uncle Ben set out he carried a
basket which contained jelly cake, tea,
a pumpkin pie and other articles, and as
he pursued his way along the frozen road
he drew his old fur cap down over his
ears and soliloquized:

"Yas, darn my buttons, but I'm sorry
for Nancy Black. On top of all the
other hard luck comes that four-hun-
dred-dollar mortgage on 'the farm,' and
it's my solemn opinion she'll never be
able to raise it. If I was able I'd buy
and hold it, but I hain't. I've got to
see Squar' Potter, the old skintail, and
tell him he must give this widder and

the fatherless a show. The tarnation old
critter is probably countin' the days till
he kin turn 'em outdoors, but if he ever
tries it he'll hear what the folks around
here thinks of him. I see that Hanner
has got a purty good fire in the kitchen,
but I don't believe she's fed the stock.
As Aunt Martha says: 'Hanner is one of
them sort o' gals who can't work with-
out a boss.'"

Uncle Ben turned into the gate, passed
around the house and entered the kitchen
without knocking, to find Hannah
going up the breakfast dishes.

"Mornin', Hannah. How's the wid-
der and the fatherless?"

"She rested purty well last night," re-
plied the girl.

"Fed the stock yet?"

"No; I was just goin' out."

"That's just like the Bebees—allus
an hour behind time! When yer fa-
ther died and his funeral was sot for
two o'clock it didn't come off till three.
I'll do the chores fur ye this mornin'.



HE DREW HIS OLD FUR CAP DOWN OVER HIS EYES.

and you see if the widder and the fa-
therless kin find anything in that
basket to tempt their appetites."

Half an hour later Uncle Ben re-
entered the kitchen and marched through
to the sitting-room bedroom to see the
unfortunate widder.

"Say, Nancy, I'm dog gone sorry fur
ye!" he said, as he wiggled out of his
overcoat and flung his cap on the floor.
"Here it is Thanksgiving day and
everybody gittin' ready to canter
round and stuff their stomachs, and
you a-lyin' here with a broken leg! I
say it's a tarnation shame!"

"It's an unfortunate thing, Uncle Ben,"
the widder replied, "but I am going to
try and not worry over it. Who knows
but what it's all for the best?"

"Mebbe 'tis, but I'll be hanged if I
believe it! Aunt Martha sent her luv,
and I guess she'll be down about Satur-
day."

"She is very, very kind."

"And she said you'd hev to boss Han-
ner more or less to make her step
around. Some folks hev to be sorter
driv, ye know."

"Hannah is doing very well, I'm glad
to say."

"How's the young 'un?"

"As good as pie."

"That's nice. Some youngsters is all
right, and some seem to be possessed of
the old Harry. Look a here, Nancy, I
hain't no hand to go pokin' my nose
into other people's business, as I guess
you'll allow, but that's a matter I'd
like to ask about. You remember we
went to skule together, and the night
we had the spellin' bee you'n me was
the last ones up, I went down on 'dock-
trine,' and you went ahead 'till the
teacher was pretty much tickered out.
I kinder feel as if I was related to ye,
ye know."

"Yes; what do you want to talk about,
Uncle Ben?"

"About that mortgage. In course I
know that's one on the farm, fur I was
with Jim when he got the money, but
how about the interest?"

"I won't be able to pay a shilling of
it when due."

"You don't tell me!"

"On the first day of the month the
farm will probably be advertised for
sale, but I believe the law allows me
to stay on for a few months."

"Has Squar' Potter bin up here
lately?"

"He was here yesterday. He will take
the place as soon as the law allows."

"The blamed old skunk! Excuse my
cuss words, Nancy, but when I'm ex-
cited they slip right out. If that old
skintail turns you outer house and
home I'll go down the road and take off
my coat and lick him 'till he bellers
like a calf!"

"No, Uncle Ben. He lends his money
to live on the interest, and it is only
right that he should be paid. I was
in hopes to be able to pay him the in-
terest, but this misfortune will pre-
vent."

"It's a downright shame, and I don't
keer who hears me say so! Say, Nancy,
thar's a heap o' shelled corn on the
barn floor which orter be winnowed
out and put away afore the rats lug it
off."

"I was hunting for a box to put it
in when I fell and broke my leg. If
you'll go up into the attic, Uncle Ben,
you'll probably find something. I be-
lieve thar's an old blue chest up there
with nothing in it, and it will hold the
corn."

"Y'e mean that old chest which Jim
bid off at auction over to Jackson's
vendue?"

"I was thar' and bid two shillin's
fur it. Jim raised my bid to thirty
cents and got it fur a wood box. Never
used it, eh? I believe Jackson said he
got that chest at a baggage sale in
Boston a dozen years before, an' thar'
was a lot o' duds in it which hev be-
longed to some furrineer. Wall, I'll go
up and hev it down and take keer of
that corn. Corn is goin' to be corn
after next spring. I s'pose Hanner
Bebee would walk over that pile a hun-
dred times and never see it. The
Bebees was a good-hearted lot, but per-
fectly shiftless."

In the farmhouse attic, stored away
with quilt frames, broken chairs,
bunches of mayweed and catnip, and
hingeless trunks and boxes, Uncle Ben
found the old blue chest. There was a
thick layer of dust on the lid, and he

blow all she's a mind to, but I'm goin'
to say all the gosh-all-fish-hooks I
wanter."—Detroit Free Press.

THE PURITAN THANKSGIVING.

A Story of Uncomplaining Fortitude, Splen-
did Faith and Undaunted Heroism.

In what penury, what hardship, what
sense of exile, what darkness of bereave-
ment, what dependence upon the Di-
vine hand and gratitude for its bounty,
were the earliest Thanksgivings kept!
The story of the Plymouth colony can
never be too often recalled by Amer-
icans. For uncomplaining fortitude,
for sturdy endurance, for strength
that knew no faltering, for splendid
faith and undaunted heroism, that
story has no equal on the page of his-
tory. Many delicate women died in
those first years, but we never read
that they weakened in courage while
they lived. There was the underlying
night of a purpose which had its root
in principles; and, whoever may cele-
brate the Pilgrim Fathers, women
should forever keep green the memory
of the heroic Pilgrim Mothers.

We like to think of the groups which
assembled at those Puritan dinner
tables in those far-away days. The
harvests were reaped; the churches and
the school-houses were built; the chil-
dren were brought up in the fear of
God. In the cold meeting-house on the
top of the nearest hill there had been
a long service, prayers, psalms,
sermons, all of a generous prodigality
of time to which we in our religious
services of to-day are strangers. Then
came the unbending, the lavish dinner,
the frolic of the little ones, the talk be-
side the fire, when the parents drew
upon the reminiscences of fair Eng-
land, or of Holland by the sea.

Many a trothlight was spoken in the
twilight of Thanksgiving day.
Youths and maidens then, as youths
and maidens still, met and fell in love.
The beautiful story which never grows
old was told by the ardent suitor to
the blushing girl in the Puritan home
as in our households yet.

"Long was the good man's sermon,
But it seemed not so to me,
For he spoke of Ruth the beautiful,
And then I thought of thee."

After all, the world changes little in
essentials as time passes. The girl
will wear her blue or her orange a few
days later this year, but on Thanksgiv-
ing day, as on all days, her lover will find
his sunshine in her eyes, and her favor
will be his highest incentive to man-
liness and nobility.—Harper's Bazar.

A Home Festival.

Thanksgiving should be a Home Fe-
stival as well as a season of praise and
prayer. There is nothing at all incon-
gruous in such a dual observance. In
the home is the hope of the nation, and
everything which tends to the streng-
thening of its ties, the perpetuation of its
influence, or the deepening of the affec-
tion of its members, deserves recogni-
tion and encouragement. Better homes
mean a better people and a better na-
tion.

Let Thanksgiving be then a homed day
a day consecrated to the service of God
and to the furtherance of domestic hap-
piness and family joy. Let it be a time
for ending in all the loved ones, all the
wanderers from the old hearthstone,
to renew again the tender memories of
earlier days, and to rekindle the sym-
pathies and affections which time and
distance often deaden and make cold.—
Christian Work.

THE KING BIRD.



But "uneasy dies the head that wears
a crown."—Chicago Mail.

Give Thanks for It.

If life is worth livin'
Just go ahead an' strive;
Each day a big Thanksgiving!
That a feller is alive!

Alive to feel the sunshine—
Alive to breathe the air;
As man an' boy, to feel the joy
Of simply bein' here!

The day in darkness closes,
But the stars begin to glow;
The world is full of roses,
In spite of 'all the snow!'
—Washington Star.

Athletic Exercise.

Perley—Hullo, Jinx! going to take
Thanksgiving day off?
Jinx—Yes. Going to devote it to ath-
letics.

Perley—Good. What kind? Golf or
football?
Jinx—Neither. I'm going to carve a
turkey I raised myself, for ten people.
There's exercise for you!—Harper's
Bazar.

What It Is For.

"What's Thanksgiving for?" asked
a teacher of a primary grade of her
class the other morning as the subject
was mentioned. But the cries of
"Football!" and "Turkey!" were so
mingled that the teacher hadn't the
heart to disabuse the little ones. So
she let it go at that.—Indianapolis
Sentinel.

His Last.

Briggs—This is probably the last
Thanksgiving Bickerly will celebrate.
Griggs—How's that?
Briggs—It's the day he's going to be
married on.—Brooklyn Life.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The manuscripts of the fifth and
twelfth centuries are written with
very good black ink which has not
shown the least signs of fading or ob-
literation.

—Li Chang-fang, the adopted son of
Viceroy Li Hung Chang, since his re-
turn from the peace conference in
Japan last April, has been occupying
his leisure hours in superintending
the building of a handsome house in
foreign style inside the spacious gar-
dens of his father at Wuhu.

—Gustav Freitag ordered in his will
that all letters written to him should
be restored to the writers or their
heirs, and that nothing of his own
should be published that he had not
expressly intended should be printed.
"What is not finished or is a failure,"
he wrote, "does not belong to the
market, and I do not wish to annoy
readers by my youthful efforts."

—The German Emperor William has
sent a portrait of himself to the em-
inent painter Andreas Achenbach, who
has just celebrated his eightieth birth-
day at Dusseldorf. Herr Achenbach
has received a large number of con-
gratulatory letters and telegrams from
various academies of art and from his
admirers.

—The sultan of Turkey spends five
thousand dollars daily for his table.
He has no dining-room and the serv-
ants serve his meals wherever they can
find him. The dishes are covered and
sealed with the imperial seal, which is
put on in the kitchen by the grand
vizier, the idea being that his food has
not been poisoned or tampered with.

—Mr. Eivind Alstrup, who accom-
panied Lieut. Peary in his first great
journey over the ice-gap of Greenland
to Independence Bay, is writing a book
on the experiences of himself and gal-
lant leader. As a matter of honor, Mr.
Alstrup will not have the work trans-
lated and published in English until
after Mr. Peary has issued his book.

—But three members of the supreme
court were not appointed by either
Mr. Harrison or Mr. Cleveland. These
are Justice Field, appointed by Presi-
dent Lincoln in 1863; Justice Harlan,
of Kentucky, appointed by president
Hayes in 1877, and Justice Gray, of
Massachusetts, appointed by President
Arthur in 1881 to the vacancy which
the late Roscoe Conkling emphatically
declined to fill.

—The Codex Upsal differs from every
other known manuscript in the fact
that it was written with silver ink on
violet parchment, the initials being of
gold. The secret of the manufacture
of this silver ink is not definitely
known, though it is suspected that
some solution of the metal was em-
ployed in the writing and then subse-
quently treated with chemicals to give
the metallic luster and effect.

—Mrs. Newcomb McGee, of Washing-
ton city, daughter of Prof. Newcomb,
the famous astronomer, has the dis-
tinction of being the second woman
elected a fellow of the American As-
sociation for the Advancement of Science.
She is also a member of the Anthro-
pological society. She was graduated
in medicine from the Columbian uni-
versity in Washington, and is now at
work in the Johns Hopkins hospital in
Baltimore. Mrs. McGee has visited
with her father all the great observa-
tories of Europe, and now accompanies
her husband on her geological expedi-
tions.

HUMOROUS.

"—Howdy do, Barker? Living in
town?" "Yes. I've come here to diet."
"Diet? Great heavens, mnn! At the
Sweil'dorf?" "Exactly. The rich foods
I'd naturally eat are so expensive I
can't buy 'em, so it's plain food or
starvation."—Harper's Bazar.

"—So it was—"I thought this prom-
issory note was gilt-edged paper," re-
marked the bank cashier, "but I have
discovered that it was forged." "Then
it really is gilt-edged," replied the
president of the institution.—Pitts-
burgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"—So your husband is running for
office?" said one woman. "Yes."
"Keeps him pretty busy, I suppose."
"Very busy." "Kissed all the babies
in the county, hasn't he?" "No; not
all. He hasn't had time to even say
howdy to do his own babies in the
last three weeks."—Washington Star.

"—A country paper declares that
"Mr. Johnson, a farmer of our village,
on returning to his house the other
day, found in his ground-floor bed-
room, the door of which had been left
open, a cow, probably astray." The
conjecture expressed in the last two
words may be set down as, on the
whole, a fair one.—Presbyterian Mes-
senger.

"—Feminine amenities overheard in
Battersea park. Two ladies seated on
a bench are discussing the bicycle
riders. First Lady—"Just look at Mrs.
M. in trousers and tunic! Her hus-
band hasn't been buried three months,
and she used to be so 'down on
rational dress." Second Lady—"Yes,
but she is very economical, you know,
and she's wearing out the late lament-
ed's wardrobe."—London Telegraph.

"—Cruelty—"Oh, dear," sobbed Mrs.
Hunnimune, "I knew it would come to
this, but I didn't expect it so soon."
"Has your husband been mistreating
you?" asked her visitor solemnly.
"Y'es," she sobbed, "He says I want
my own way all the time." "And
won't he let you have it?" "That's the
worst of it. He says that he doesn't
care if I have my own way all the
time, but that I won't make up my
mind w-what it is."—Washington Star.

"—A cockney solicitor, who was char-
acteristically mixed up in the use of his
h's, while visiting New York met
the late Mr. Marbury, one of the wits
of the New York bar. The English-
man, commenting on the legal profes-
sion of New York, said its members
were very proficient and learned, but
that they were absolutely ignorant on
the subject of "hental." "Ah," an-
swered Marbury, "my dear sir, we
may be ignorant of the 'her-all,' but
our knowledge of the 'cocktail' is un-
surpassed."—San Francisco Argonaut.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Veal Toast: Lay slices of toast upon
a platter; cook the veal steak by plac-
ing in a frying-pan containing hot but-
ter, turning often, until nicely
brown. Place upon the toast. Pour
a little water in the frying-pan, adding
butter, salt and pepper. When boiling
pour over the toast and serve at once.
—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Sauce Piquante: Put one gill of
vinegar into a small saucepan with a
teaspoonful of chopped onion and two
of chopped parsley; add half a pint of
brown gravy, one teaspoonful Worces-
tershire sauce, one of mushroom catsup,
one dessertspoonful of chopped gher-
kins. Boil all together about thirty-
five minutes.—Boston Budget.

—Steamed Apples: Select nice, sweet
apples; wash and place them in a pan;
turn a little water in the pan and
stew; one-half cup sugar over as many
apples as will cover the bottom of the
pan; then cover with another pan and
cook till done. If preferred, you can
stew the juice down and turn it over
the apples. They are much nicer than
when baked.—Farmers' Voice.

—Sally Lunn: One quart of flour,
one-half pint of milk, one gill yeast,
two ounces of butter, two tablespoon-
fuls of white sugar and a tablespoonful
of salt; beat eggs very light; mix all
the ingredients and set to rise over
night. When risen, pour without stir-
ring, into a mold and set to rise for an
hour before baking. This is the great
supper dish so much used in Virginia.
—Detroit Free Press.

—Rice Griddlecakes: Stir a cupful
of cold boiled rice into a quart of
sweet milk, and allow it stand undis-
turbed for half an hour. Then add a
teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of
melted butter, a cupful of flour and a
teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a lit-
tle water. Stir thoroughly together
and test on the griddle. If the cakes
show a disposition to break, add a lit-
tle more flour.—Good Housekeeping.

—Boiled Potatoes: Wash and prop-
erly clean as many potatoes as you wish
to cook; place in a kettle and cover
with boiling water; add a little salt
and boil until you can pass a fork
through them, then drain off the
water and place on back of the stove
and cover with a cloth, and let them
steam dry; then peel and serve. Don't
let them get overdone or they will be
watery and unfit to eat.—Housekeeper.

—Tapioca and Apple Pie: Steep a
teacupful of fine tapioca in tepid
water overnight. Line the edges of a
pie-dish with good pastry. Line some
good baking apples, peeled, cored, and
sliced, and put them in an inch layer
in a pie-dish, scatter sugar over, then
a layer of tapioca, which has been
drained off from the water, and a few
bits of butter. Continue these layers
until the dish is full, then cover with
pastry, and bake in a quick oven till
the apples are thoroughly cooked.—
Reeds Mercury.

TABLE HINTS FOR CHILDREN.

Some Suggestions as to the Most Becom-
ing Conduct.

In talking at the table, if the com-
pany is large, you will usually converse
more with your neighbor than with the
circle as a whole. But at home and in
the family, or at the house of an in-
timate friend, you must do your share
of the entertainment. Save up the
bright little story and the witty
speech, the funny sayings of a child,
the scrap of news in your Aunt Mary's
last letter, and when a good opportu-
nity offers, add your mite to the gen-
eral fund of amusement.

There are dear old gentlemen—and
old ladies, too—who have favorite
stories which they are rather fond of
telling. People in their own families,
or among their very intimate acquaint-
ances, hear these stories more than
once—indeed, they sometimes hear
them until they become very familiar.
Good manners forbid any showing of
this, any look of impatience or
appearance of boredom on the
part of the listener. The really
well-bred woman or girl listens to
the thrice-told tale, the well-worn an-
ecdote, says a pleasant word, smiles,
forgets that she has heard it before,
and does not allow the dear raconteur
to fancy that the story is being
brought out too often. Good manners
at the table are inflexible on this
point. You must appear pleased. You
must make up your mind to receive
gratification by imparting it.

Once in awhile an accident happens
at a meal. A cup is overturned; some
unhappy person swallows "the wrong
way," somebody makes a mistake.
Look at your plate at such a moment,
and nowhere else, unless you can suf-
ficiently control your face and appear
entirely unconscious that anything
has occurred out of the usual routine.
Take no notice, and go on with the
conversation, and in a second the inci-
dent will have been forgotten by every
one.—Harper's Round Table.

Dainty Desserts.

Individual puddings of all kinds are
an attractive change from the one sent
to the table in a single dish. Bread
and rice puddings and custards may
be baked in cups, placed while in the
oven in a pan of hot water. Orange
and pineapple shortcakes are season-
able dainties. Bake each shortcake in
the shape of a large baking-powder
biscuit, split, and fill with the sweet-
ened fruit juice before sending to the
table. Shortcake made of either of
these fruits is very nice when the cake
is made thin and cut in squares with
the fruit heaped on it and about it
just before serving. In this case have
a large glass dish full of the pulp of
the fruit on the side table ready to
serve with the crust of the cake.—N.
Y. Post.

Autumn's Straw Hats.

Women's fashions in hats do not
make such sudden changes as do the
men's. Real winter styles are not
donned until the winter season has be-
gun, and straw hats are worn until
winter costumes are en regle, but they
are quite different from the straw hats
of the spring and summer in so far as
the coloring and trimmings are con-
cerned.—St. Louis Republic.